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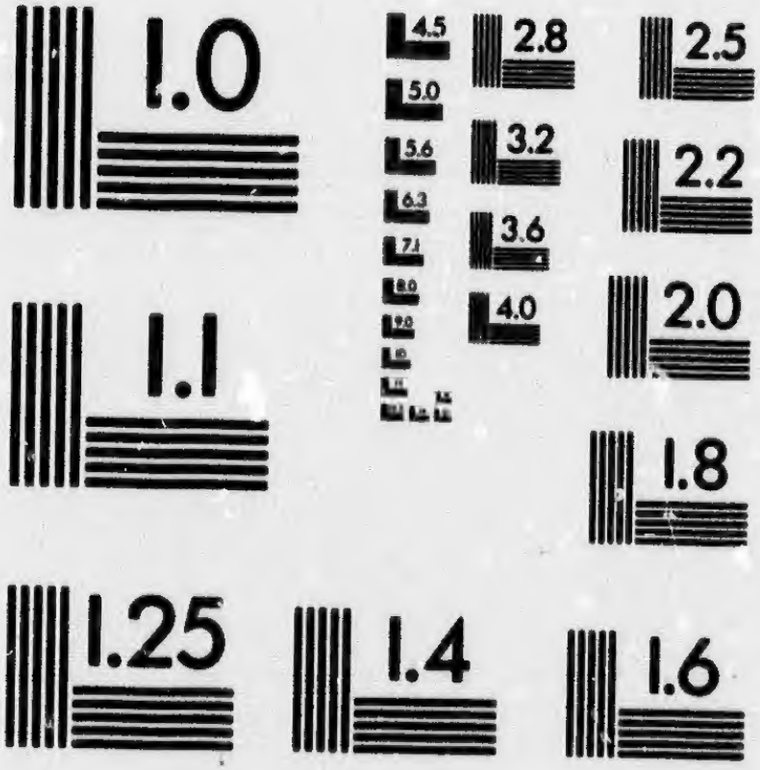

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Poems

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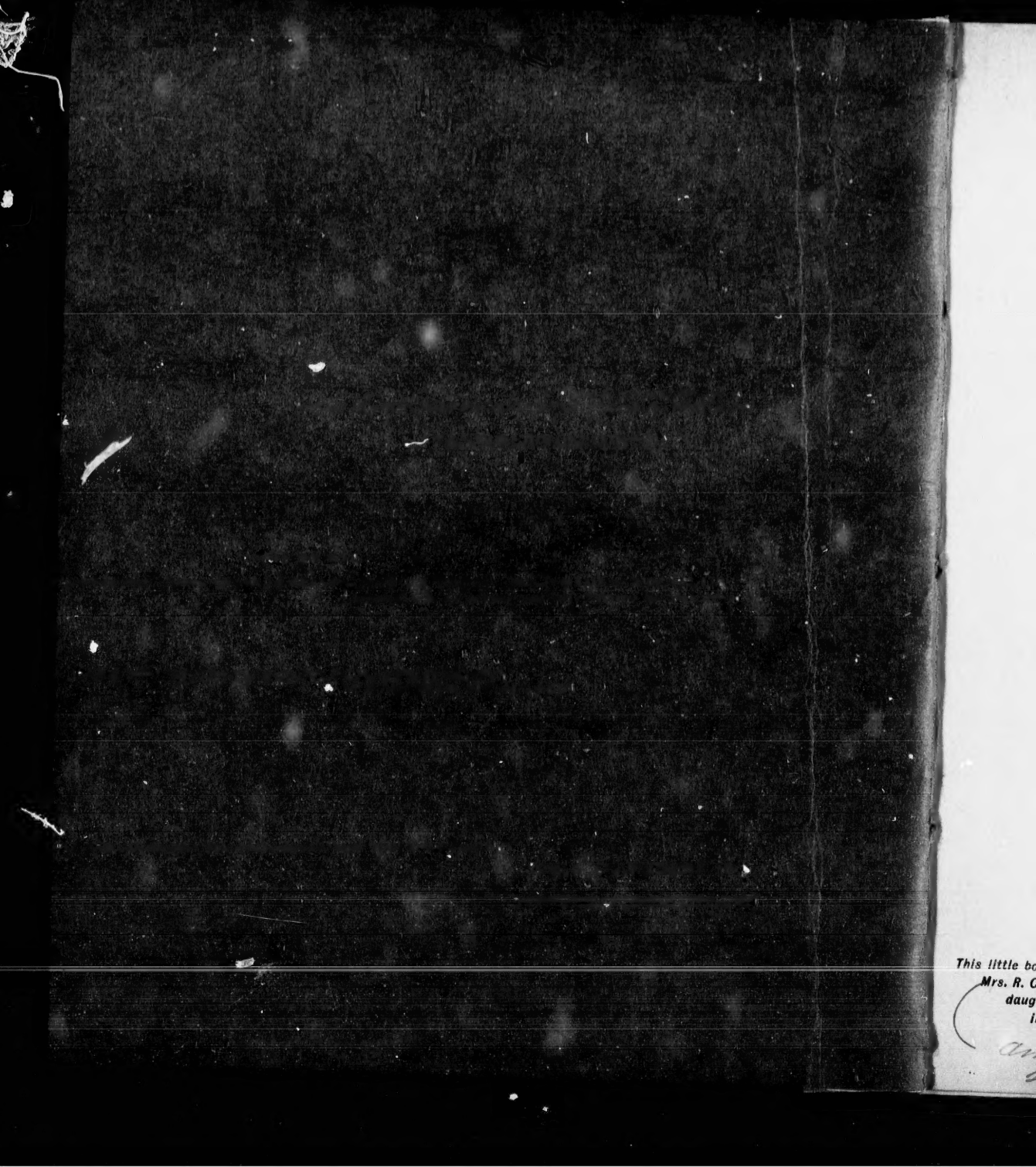
BY MRS. A. J. ROSSELL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A Souvenir

To the Friends and Relatives of the late
Mrs. A. J. Rossell
of Dundas, Ontario, Canada

This little book was put in Leaflet Form by
Mrs. R. C. WEBBER, of Toronto, youngest
daughter of the late Mrs. A. J. Rossell,
in loving remembrance to her memory.

Annie Rossell, youngest sister of Rosella Knott

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MEMORY.

How often in our daily intercourse with society, we are carried back to some incident which occured in former days ; sometimes when we least expect it, the mind returns to some *bright spot* in the past, and a chord is touched, a feeling aroused, which had seemed dormant, and we find ourselves among the companions of our Childhood and Youth. We forget for a time that they, like us have changed. In the battle of life they, too, have mingled; some have been more ambitious than others, and some more successful ; some have twined the laurel, while others have wove the willow. Many have passed from the follies of Time to try the realities of Eternity ; and some are left who might have been oranments instead of pests to the community.

If we would improve every opportunity for doing good, our lives would be much more pleasant. A kind word has often soothed the breaking heart; a kind act has frequently encouraged the timid and desponding ; and it is good to reflect that through our means, any fellow-creature has been benefited. Each one exerts an influence either for *good* or *bad*—the effects of which end not with this life ; the dark portals of the grave do not enclose it, but through endless ages it remains ; and if for good, shines beyond the brightness of the firmament ; but, if for bad, it would be better for us if oblivion could cover it. If we would call into practice the nobler feelings of our nature and live up to our privileges, we would find that when the part we have acted in life's drama is nearly ended, we would not fear the closing scene.

A. J. R.

Dundas, Jan. 8, '69.

MORAL COURAGE.

MORAL courage is not the order of the present time, although much admired. Very few step aside from Fashion to follow the dictates of conscience, and fewer still will take the responsibility of advocating principles that are not popular with a certain class. Too much of the shrinking, shuffling system is practised, and the individual who maintains his position and preserves a straight forward course, as his sense of duty points out may expect to be a target for the shafts of Calumny, Jealousy, and Envy, just in proportion to the amount of intelligence Nature has endowed him with. But fortunately they never accomplish the end designed, but fall, as it were, harmless at the feet of the intended victim. If more care was taken to maintain the truth and put down error, society would be the gainer. If *friends* would endorse any statement they see fit to make (regardless of consquences), either from hearsay or otherwise, and not leave the subject like an anonymous communication, with *" I heard so ;"* but have the moral courage to speak only what they *know to be true*, we would then begin to think that the millennium of a high reform was ushered in. And we would all have great reason to be thankful for it.

A. J. R.

Dundas, June 3rd. 1869.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF LIFE.

SOME of the bright spots in life are derived from unexpected sources. We meet in our intercourse with society some who's sentiments agree with our own, and a magnetic influence seems to be exercised over corresponding ideas; and we find great pleasure and benefit from conversing with them. Many good traits in character are lost from not being appreciated; many a bright gem sparkles for a moment and is lost to view. If by kindness we would assist in bringing out the nobler sentiments of human nature, and not by carelessness or discouragement put it down, our lights would shine on the pathway of many a darkened life.

To the young this is of great importance; the journey of life is before them, and at the best, thorns are often thickly strewn therein. But to these who have passed the summer of life it matters not so much, for they have found that to tread the path of duty is to pass through an ordeal of conflicts; and as the shades thicken, a clear head, a firm step, and a true heart is required to carry them safely through. If, like the soldier into who's hands the colors of his regiment is entrusted, nobly guards them at the risk of life and brings them off the field: so if our duty is plain, faithfully let us perform it, leaving the result with an All-Wise Creator.

A. J. R.

TRUE NOBILITY.

THE respect that is often paid (by those from whom we would expect better things) to the possessor of wealth, is truly surprising. He may have no other recommendation, and be called great. His faults pass unreproved by the devotee of fortune, and although nature may have failed to endow him with common sense, still his vanity is flattered, and his society is courted.

But Heaven is always just in dispensing gifts. How often, among the children of the poor, do we find genius! And, although often checked by surrounding circumstances, still the ability is there; and the very difficulties which they have to surmount stimulates them to action, hence we often see the man who has had to struggle with poverty in his early days, pass rapidily to success and honor, while some of those who sneered at him when a boy, and who depended on their parents' wealth or position to secure them respect, pass quite as rapidily to ruin. Idleness is the great source of evil at the present time. The mind is so constituted that it requires employment, and with some an idea prevails that it is degrading to learn a trade and rely upon their own exertions, consquently their lives are wasted in dissipation; and if at any time their country should require protection, they are not to be depended on, for they are cowardly as useless, and even if willing, totally unfit to endure the hardships of a soldier's life. It has been truly said that beneath a rough exterior often beats a noble heart. And I believe the true nobility of our rising country are found among our enterprising industrious men. I consider it a greater honor to shake the hand of an honest workman than press the jewelled fingers of an *idle dandy,* whatever his claims to fortune may be. Human existence is too brief to permit us to spend any part of it in *idle* pleasures. We should be ambitious to benefit ourselves and others, and always act from a right principle, and show respect to those who deserve it; not to the rich because he is rich. Consider first whether he makes a proper use of the wealth he possesses or not. Much good has been done by assisting some to obtain an education to fit them for a life of usefulness, and they always, with a few exceptions, reflected honor upon the memory of their benefactor; but for the useless there is no place assigned.

A. J. R.

Dundas, Jan. 30, 1869.

EMIGRATION.

WHEN we notice the human freight passing through to the western country, tired and discouraged by their tedious passage, looking anxiously forward for a termination of their journey, we feel for them as members of the same family; and by kindness would encourage them on their way. No matter what nation they belong to; they are strangers in America; they have parted with friends and country, crossed the wide Atlantic, passed over many and have many miles yet to go before they reach their place of destination. What is their motive in coming to America —do they not love their own country better than any other? Yes; and if they did not we would not want them to come here; for love of country is one of the noblest attributes of our nature. In past years emigration was more from the British Isles, but now it seems that Russia and Germany are doing their parts towards settling the vast regions of the West, which are rich in untried resources; immense wealth is still locked in her mountains and forests, villages and plains, which time, energy, and art will open up. And from the crowded countries of the Eastern continent the tide of emigration will come, bearing with it the various nationalities peculiar to each; but making generally good citizens. As education is a universal affair, both in Prussia and Germany, as well as military discipline, it places the natives of those countries in a superior position to some others. We may turn to the records of history and find many proofs of military

skill given of both nations; we will refer to the memorable 18th of June, 1815, on the field of Waterloo. The British had held their position, although much exausted from fatigue and hard fighting. As night approached, the heads of the Prussian columns were seen advancing led by Blucher. To the British this was an eventful moment; and as the Imperial Guards had been held in reserve until now, hard and desperate was the close of the fight. And at a still later day, fresh in the memory of all, is the American Rebellion, an event which cost the American nation a mine of wealth, as well as some of the best and truest men she possessed; but I consider if it had cost them ten times more, it is worth to them all it cost; and among the leaders of the loyal troops we find General Segel one of the best, and he is a German, and German soldiers were not often defeated. And now that the din of war is no longer heard, and with it has ended the traffic in slaves, we hope many will come from Europe to find peaceful and plentiful homes in a land possessing all the facilities to render it in time far in advance of Eastern nations.

A. J. R.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE OVER SONS.

I HAVE noticed in reading the biography of some of the most distinguished men, that in early life they were left alone, with their mother to watch and guide them in the path of duty; and I cannot find one instance where a man distinguished for his abilities as a scholar, a statesman, or soldier, had a mother with imbecile mind. It seems to be not in accordance with the laws of Nature. The home influence will always cling to a child. Its mind may be compared to a sheet of white paper, on which it is a mother's privilege to stamp the indelible future of his career; and, if through indolence, vanity, or fashion, she neglects it or delegates to another this very important duty, she forfeits all claims of love which otherwise would belong to her.

In no country is there as many instances where men have arose by perseverance and industry to fill the highest position in the gift of their fellow citizens as in America. This fact should be a powerful incentive action. if endowed by nature with superior intellect, and blessed with good maternal training, a boy's course will be ever onward and upward. If he ever deviates it will be only to return with renewed energy; no obstacle will retard his progress; no barrier but he will surmount; no danger but he will brave in the discharge of duty. And as noble deeds have always characterized great men, so have gentleness and kindness of heart. The love and reverence due to faithful mothers is always forthcoming. Enshrined within the sacred recesses of the mind is a mother's memory; time cannot efface it; no earthly power remove it. If his course is upon the trackless deep, it is there; if he ascends to the pinnacle of fame and write in gilded letters his honored name, still it is there.

This should encourage mothers to try and fulfil the all-imporant duties devolving upon them. First gain the confidence and love of your children; let them know you are worthy of it; be firm and determined carrying out any measures you undertake, and you will assuredly meet with success which your efforts deserve.

A. J. R.

FRIENDSHIP.

IT has been frequently asserted there is no such thing as disinterested Friendship; but I think it does dwell in great and noble minds, such as can cast aside the petty annoyances of life, look with charity upon the faults of others, and turn aside the arrows of calumny by a strict adherence to the right. The dark trial of Adversity will often put Friendship to the test; those who have made the largest professions before a cloud appeared cannot be found when needed; singlehanded and alone you can struggle through, and if, by perseverance and integrity, you maintain your footing, will then have proved worldly Friendship, and find it is summed in dollars and cents.—If there is one thing more despicable than another it is Hypocrisy; a mask is worn while a deadly thrust is made at your reputation. The highwayman is far before the midnight assassin; with the former you have a chance to defend, but the latter strikes when not expected. A most contemptible habit prevails, particularly among females, of extending the hand of Friendship to each other while the heart cherishes *envy, hatred and jealousy;* and if a few meet to spend a short time together the reputation of some who are absent must suffer. Is it for want of thought, is it malice, or is it habit? either is bad enough. Education will in time, I hope, remedy this evil. When the better principles are brought out, the mind cultivated, and the sensibility is worked upon, that stigma will no longer rest upon women, but they will prove that they only need the surrounding influence to bear upon them, to work a thorough reform, and qualify her to be the true Friend and the agreeable companion of her own sex as well as of man.

There is in this short life something more worthy of our attention than the nonsense that takes up so much time. If our conversation was for the edification and improvement of others it would be more in accordance with the rapid march science is making on every side. If each would try to correct his or her own faults, society would be the gainer, and there would be much more room for disinterested friendship than there is at present. A. J. R.

Dundas, May, '69

FLIGHT OF TIME

WITH noiseless tread times moves on; none can realize its presence; it waits for none, but in its train it brings incidents of the greatest importance to some, which to others is of no consquence. Human life glides quickly by. We start in the morning of our days with high hopes of the future, but we find as we advance that many of our expectations are vain; disappointment fills our cup, and we drain the bitter dregs alone and in silence. We find few faithful among the immense concourse which surround us, few who would frankly warn us of danger or tell us our faults, regardless of consquences. Life is a school and from the cradle to the grave we are scholars. The voices of those we love, and the wisdom of past ages, and our own experience are our teachers. Affliction gives us discipline, and to the young a right use of time is of the greatest importance. Soon, very soon, indeed, they will be required to fill the places of those who are passing off the stage of action; their opportunities for improvement have been great; may they show themselves worthy to fulfil the duties, they are expected to perform. Knowledge is the lever which sways the millions, while ignorance has been truly called the mother of error. When Galileo first taught the true motion of the earth around the sun, he was treated as a criminal; when Columbus divulged his plan of searching for a new continent, he was threatened with imprisonment. Many and important has been the truths arrived at during the present century, and these trophies, won by application and perseverance, add new lustre to science; and will reflect honor upon the names of those who brought them into use.

From inferences of the past we draw hopes of the future to act our part faithfully in the sphere of life we are called to fill, should be our study; to prize time as a sacred trust and improve it accordingly, we will when time with us shall be no more reap our reward in the future.

A. J. R.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

WE admire the bravery of men, who, amid the clash of contending foes, the deafening roar of musketry and cannon, the groans of the wounded and dying, march steadily, with their country's banner waving o'er them, to the very muzzles of the guns to execute some order of their Commander; and they are worthy of our admiration.

But courage does not belong to man alone; we find many instances of it in woman; and if our home system of education was different, we would find many traits developed in the female character which do not now appear. In these days it is the fashionable to be *nervous*, and *useless*, also. The stigma which belongs to only a part of our sex, casts its shadows over all; and "to be as weak and vacillating as a woman" has passed into a proverb.

And I admit that we partially deserve it. Although many have had a good oportunity to inform their minds on subjects to fit them for the companionship of educated men, still they cannot converse on subjects congenial to their tastes. The past year in history is a blank shall I say destroyed by Fiction. The present is a reality absorbed by self and affectation. The future; alas! is to come. But notwithstanding the need of improvement in some very important measure, still, there are in our midst, those, whose self-sacrifice and devotion to others, calls for our applause. We can turn to the records of the past and find the names of many noble women; but this is not our intention. If we look around us we will see some who have been left early to struggle with a family alone in this world. How worthy is the woman who faithfully does her duty to those children whom God has given her. The trials and troubles of this life are many, and some hard at best; but it requires more than Spartan courage to grapple with surrounding circumstances, and bravely, nobly, and faithfully performs all that is required at her hands. Such are the women worthy of the name of Mother; and their memory will live throughout future generations.

A. J. R.

February, 23rd. 1869.

TO THE CANADIAN ORDFR OF ODD-FELLOWS.

Members of a mystic Order,
True and tried your motto is,
Long may each within its border,
Live to love and practice this.
Let the *threefold* links that bind you,
Shine in all your actions bright;
Friendship first then *Love* comes after,
Truth is next and always right.
If by *rule* you *square* your conduct,
Through this life of toil and care,
The *all-seeing* eye, above you,
Will approve and *bless* you here.
You are bound by all that's noble,
To promote the good of each;
Here you meet upon a *level*,
And by precept you can teach:
Yes! You've taught the *lonely* widow
When her *stay* in life is gone,
That though *death* has thinned *your number*
Still your *Faith* and love *lives* on;

Faith that *fades* not though your *banner*
May at *half-mast slowly* wave,
Acts that speak in deeds of mercy—
Love that *lives* beyond the *grave*.
When, the orphans of a Brother,
Claim protection at your hand,
Free as comes the breath of *Heaven*—
Blessings numberless as sand,
May your name be ever worthy
Of the cause you represent—
In life's battles you will conquer,
If your deeds in *good* be spent.
When the last *Grand Lodge* assembles,
And each member takes his stand,
With the *emblems* of his order,
Firm in heart and firm of hand.
May his record prove a good one,
Worthy of the tripple ring ;
And his password bring a welcome,
To the presence of his *King*.

MRS. A. J. ROSSELL.

Dundas, Feb. 12th, 1876.

LINES.

Written on the death of Bandsman Charles Thompson, of the 77th Bat., who died April 6th, 1875, and was interred with military honors.

With measured step and muffled drum,
Slowly comrades bear him on,
From his mournful home and dear ones,
He has gone to come no more.

Solemn words of awful meaning
These to greet the widow's heart,
Far from early home and kindred,
They are called by death to part.

Brightest hopes and prospects fairest,
Are all crushed and withered now,
Since the summons came in earnest,
Before which we all must bow.

God be with thee, lonely mourner,
In His wisdom put your trust,
In his power, and in his promise,
Place your faith, and hope you must.

Solemn sounds of martial music
Echo through our vale to-day,
One less in your number comrades,
Warn you, all must pass away.

Three times fire a farewell volley,
Close the grave and march away;
But remember at the roll-call,
All will meet some other day.

When the trumpet gives the signal,
All come forth to hear their doom,
Then on that great day of muster,
Comes the tenants of the tomb.

Farewell now, till then we leave thee,
But we'll not forget thee soon;
In life's conflict we must mingle
Though our sun may set at noon.

MRS. A. J. ROSSELL, Dundas.

ON THE DEATH OF R. P. HABBIN.

Back to his native vale again,
Fondly they bear our dear young friend;
A solemn vision meets our eyes,
A funeral cortege him attend.

No answering pressure meets our grasp,
No kindly greeting lights his eye,
With death's cold mantle o'er him cast,
Silent in the dark grave he'll lie.

Medical skill could not avail;
A mother's care and earnest love
Could not the fell destroyer stay,
The mandate came, 'twas from above.

With those we love 'tis hard to part,
E'en though we hope to meet again—
We know not, ah! 'tis well we don't,
The present brings enough of pain.

His boyhood days were passed among
The scenes that now surround us here,
And his fond hopes and joyful mien,
Are memories now we hold most dear.

For him springs early flowers—we'll twine,
Fit emblems of his transient days,
In manhood's early morn he died,
All's for the best—we'll trust God's ways.

Gently we'll lay him down to rest,
Dear friends his form no more you'll see;
Through death's dark tide alone he passed,
His ransomed spirit is set free.

Farewell, dear friend, a fond farewell,
No more on earth we'll meet again,
But hope points upward to a rest,
Unmarred with sorrow, grief, or pain.

That God who rules supreme above,
Saw fit to call him soon away,
Trust in his wisdom, he knows why,
And we will know some other day.

Friends of his early joyous days,
Prepare to go where he has gone,
Death comes to all, none can escape,
The old and young, the great and small.

MRS. A. J. ROSSELL, Dundas.

ONE CENTURY AGO.

Go back in thought one hundred years,
And view the land of which we write—
What it was then: the hopes and fears
That dwelt in hearts not always light;
Where now the busy cities stand,
With towers and domes of priceless worth;
The forest dense and trackless strand
Were claimed by Indians from their birth.
Where are the men who bravely stood
In answer to their Country's call?
From homes wide scattered through the wood
They came and nobly risked their all.
Their forest homes themselves they framed,
Nor feared the wilds around them spread;
Mount, stream and lake they called by name,
And o'er their surface fearless sped.
The sound of conflict met their ear,
The red flag waved o'er hill and dale;
The rights that all men hold as dear,
Must now be held by leaden hail;
For near eight years the strife raged on
'Mid want, and poverty, and death,
The star of hope had nearly gone
When victory twined the crowning wreath.

One hundred years of time has tried
The flag for which they fought and won,
And where are they? They all have died,
And left to other hands the boon;
May it be theirs to guard it well,
Where'er it waves o'er sea or land;
And may the homeless thousands dwell
Safe 'neath its folds in friendly bands,
And as in this Centennial year
From every land and clime has come
To represent each nation here
With skill and industry from home,
May all the nations dwell in peace
And give to every land its right;
May hatred, war and envy cease,
And when another hundred years
Are added to the list that's past,
May this great nation have no fear
But firmly stand while time shall last.

MRS. A. J. ROSSELL.

August 26th, '1876.

LINES

On the death of the late Mr. Thomas Ireland, who was drowned in the Dundas creek on the 13th of April, 1876, and whose remains were found on the 20th of June.

Not with wasting, lingering sickness,
Watched by friends and kindred dear,
Nor with warning of the quickness,
Of his finished work while here.
But with future prospects gleaming,
Bright and hopeful to his view,
Many hours of blissful dreaming,
Many joys and sorrows few.

Those are thoughts he well might cherish
In the strength of manhood's prime,
Years of future active business,
Seemed most suited to his time.
Wife and children claimed his presence,
Friends and kindred cared for him,
To our human view and knowledge,
His quick summons, seemed all dim.

The swift waters, bore him onward,
Heedless of their precious freight,
No strong arm could stay his progress,
He had gone, it was too late;
In his lonely home are waiting,
Sad and anxious hearts to hear
If the bruised and broken remnant,
Could be found to bury here.

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Now at last when hope seemed over
And as days, and weeks passed by;
Comes the tidings, they have found him,
All rejoice to hear the cry.
Now kind hearts will bear him gently
From his home, and loved, away,
And a quiet grave remind them
Where in death rests his cold clay.

To the God who sends the waters,
Roaring, surging from the hills,
We can trust His own wise purpose,
And submit, all to His will.
He can cheer the broken-hearted,
He will bind the bruised reed,
If in Faith you ask his presence,
To support in time of need.

When life's trials here are ended,
And the river's brink we near,
May we pass through death's dark waters
With bright hopes and not with fear.

MRS. A. J. ROSSELL.

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